



# Nervous Women

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, the Blues, Sleeplessness and Nervous Irritability arises from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of Depression or Restlessness and Irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice, nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to Nervous Prostration. Although you may not know it, in nine cases out of ten this is caused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the organs which make you a woman influence your entire system. Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can as easily be cured as the two women whose genuine letters follow, and thousands of others.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Words cannot tell what I suffered before taking your medicine. I am 28 years old and the mother of four children, the last two being only 16 months apart. I was all run down, had fainting spells, palpitation of the heart, and was so bad with womb trouble that I could not be on my feet but a short time before I would have to lie down. Also was troubled with leucorrhoea. I was nervous and could not sleep, and at times wished I could die.

"A friend insisted on my giving your medicine a fair trial, which I did. I began to feel better before the first bottle was half gone, and after using five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash, I was a different woman. I owe my good health to-day to you, and I will never suffer again while you make such good medicine. I will always speak a good word for your medicine. My little girl was troubled with her kidneys, and one bottle of your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured her."—MRS. KITZIE B. PETERSON, Jenison, Mich.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to thank you for the good your medicine has done me. When I wrote you last July I was so weak and nervous that I could not endure the sight of work. I was in a terrible condition, so nervous that it took all my strength of will to keep from convulsions. The doctors did me no good. My heart troubled me, would have spells of skipping beats and would flutter. I had such a feeling of dread and fear about me all the time I was afraid to go anywhere.

"I commenced taking your remedies as you advised me, and in one week I felt better than I had in a whole year before, and the gain was steady. Day by day the bad symptoms disappeared. My appetite returned and I was able to go to bed at night and sleep like a child. In all I took nine bottles of your Vegetable Compound and seven of your Blood Purifier, and would say to all suffering women, do not stop at a few bottles, but keep on. In three months I was able to return home, and have since done the housework for a family of six. It does not seem possible that I am the same person that suffered so a year ago."—MRS. T. J. FAUCETT, Leslie, Michigan.

**\$5000** FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**FREE MEDICAL ADVICE** to women is offered by Mrs. Pinkham. Let her help you to health, it will cost you nothing. Address her at Lynn, Mass.

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### A Snail's Pace For Life

(Original.)

"Irvin is in the neighborhood again," said the mayor, coming into police headquarters excitedly.

"When? How? Where?"

"My English was not correct, but the mayor understood me.

"Yesterday noon he rode up to Benton's bank at Squirrelton, shot the paying teller, grabbed a package of bills and was away before any one realized what had happened."

"Well?"

"Then he met a mounted policeman, got a bead on him and forced him to give him his uniform. This was near Redmond, five miles to the south of us. I want you to go out, hunt for him and bring him in, dead or alive. You know the reward—\$5,000."

"Alone?"

"Yes. You can work better by yourself than with a lot of bunglers."

"Right you are, and I'll go in uniform. It'll be a shooting affair anyway, and I always feel better facing a gun when I've got my top on."

I tracked Irvin by asking people if they had seen a mounted policeman and came up with him while he was trotting along a country road. I shouted to him to stop, as I had something to say to him. He cast a quick glance at me, hesitated, then impatiently reined in his horse. I didn't wish to kill him if I could get him into a trap and disarm him. I rode up to him leisurely and said:

"I see you're on the force. Where do you hail from?"

"I'm from Squirrelton; looking for Irvin."

"Get any trace of him?"

"One clown points to Sparksburg, another down there in the river bottom. If you're looking for him you might go one way while I go the other."

"All right," I said to inspire confidence. "When we get to where the road forks I'll go to the river bottom."

Presently I drew rein and dismounted under pretense of tightening my saddle girth. From behind my horse I drew my revolver and, bringing it to bear on him before he could see what I was about, called on him to surrender.

He had to choose between two forms of death—my bullet or the gallows. With the former there was a slender chance, with the latter none whatever. Bending low behind his horse's neck, he gave him a cut and dashed off, followed by my shots. Meanwhile I mounted and went after him. Now and again he turned and fired at me, but I got down flat on my horse, and there was not much for him to shoot at. Finally I fired a shot that made him totter; then he fell from the saddle. I was beginning to draw rein

when my horse, on crossing a rotten covering to a culvert, broke through, and I went flying through the air, landing about fifty feet from Irvin. My revolver flew to a point at the side of the road between us, though a trifle nearer to him than to me. I started up, when I got a twinge that laid me out again. My leg was broken.

As soon as I could think of anything except the pain I raised my head and saw Irvin crawling on his stomach toward my weapon. He had moved only a few feet, and his progress was so slow that it would take him some time to reach it. Evidently he had either parted with his own weapon or had discharged all the cartridges. I saw at once that it was a question of life or death with me to secure the revolver myself and began a crawling which was no more rapid than that of my enemy.

Every now and again I would hear a groan from Irvin, which was usually echoed by one from me. Irvin made ten feet while I was making six, then he stopped, took out a handkerchief and, binding it around his leg, twisted it with his knife as a tourniquet. While he was doing this he was watching me, who made ten feet while he was at work with his surgical apparatus. Starting again, he was handicapped by having to hold the tourniquet, which he had no means of fixing permanently. Nevertheless desperation gave him strength, and he made better headway than I. It was singular, this tortoise race between two fellow beings with life for the prize, death for the forfeit. Several times I thought I should faint, but knew if I did I would probably never return to consciousness. I therefore nerved myself to keep my senses and continue on my way. But in five minutes I did not make five feet, nor did Irvin do much better.

Presently Irvin stopped and calculated his own and my distance.

"What do you say to a rest, pard?" he asked.

"There's no rest for the wicked," I replied without ceasing my efforts.

"Very well. You'll get one pretty soon. Since I stopped the flow of blood I've ceased to lose strength. I can see you're giving out pretty fast. I only proposed the truce because I didn't like to see you suffer."

There was now about ten feet for both of us, and I felt sure that despite his plucky words Irvin was bleeding from an artery, and though I was expecting to lose consciousness every moment, I pushed on. I reached the weapon while he was yet three feet away and put out my hand for it. The effort was too much for me—I fainted.

When I came to myself Irvin was where I had last seen him, stone dead. His ashen face was toward me, his glassy eye staring at mine, his right hand extended toward the pistol, which I was grasping. I looked at the chambers and found, to my surprise, that they had all been discharged. There was not a bullet in any of them.

JOSEPH H. KING.

#### Rheumatism.

Rheumatic sufferers should always choose a dry climate, warm if possible, but dryness is the first essential. On the other hand, a considerable degree of moisture in the air is positively beneficial in some forms of asthma, provided the temperature be warm.

#### The Luxury of Bathing.

Persons who suffer with bad circulation should give special attention to the care of the feet. There is such a luxury in bathing that it is a wonder that any one neglects it even for the comfort of it, to say nothing of its importance in the matter of health.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Just ask your doctor all about it. He will tell you "It is the best blood medicine you can possibly buy."

J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## MARK TWAIN AS A REFORMER

Trains His Batteries of Humor on the Italian Language.

### DESPERATE EFFORTS TO MASTER IT

He Tells His Neighbors in Florence of His Proposal to Furnish the Government With a Rational Grammar—Fifty-seven Ways to Conjugate Verb "Love," and Not One Convincing to Girl Who Wants to Marry a Title.

Outside the Prato gate, in the flat part of the Arno valley, only approached by traversing some of the slums and workmen's quarters of Florence, Italy, on a slight rise of the ground stands the so-called royal villa of Quarto. This is the place that was taken for Mark Twain upon his second visit to the city of flowers, says the Florence correspondent of the New York Times.

It was in November last that Mark Twain came back among us after an eleven years' absence, but through circumstances I did not go out to call till early in February. Of course I welcomed him back to the fair land.

"And how do you like Italy again after your long absence from here?" I asked.

"Oh, Italy is right enough—the best country in the world to live in. Perhaps England runs it rather close, but here all is quiet, town and country alike. In England there is always London with its great unquiet pulse."

"And the Italians?"

"Right enough too. I love to watch them and to study their gestures and their ways. That is why I do not object to the slow pace of our horses, like my daughter there, even if they do take a time to land us in town."

"And the language?" I asked, vividly remembering an incident that occurred when he was last here.

It was this. One day Mark returned home to Settignano, where the family then had a villa. To the horror of his wife, his beautiful white mane was cropped close to his head, after the manner of Italians in summer. When asked to account for this mutilation he explained in his comic way that he had resorted to this as a *reborn* hope, a last desperate effort to learn the Italian language. He had, he said, slept for weeks in vain with an Italian dictionary under his pillow. Finally it occurred to him to watch the natives and see if he could catch any peculiarity of theirs that might account for their capacity to master the language.

He noticed that their heads were all as smooth as billiard balls. Who knew whether the secret did not reside there? Perchance his heavy crop prevented the tongue from filtering through. So he went straight to a barber, with this result. However, this drastic measure does not seem to have proved successful, for he expressed himself as much as ever at sea with the tongue.

"I never got hold of an entire sentence," he said, "just a word here and there that comes in handy, but they never stay with me more than a day."

"How about 'Dov' e il gatto?'" I objected.

"What do you know about 'Dov' e il gatto?'" he said, with one of his merry twinkles.

"I have read your paper in Harper's on 'Italian Without a Master,'" I replied.

"There is one person who always understands me, and that is our kitchen scrub. She was with us last time too. We have quite long talks together and exchange no end of compliments. I talk English; she rattles along in her

own lingo. Neither knows what the other says. We get along perfectly and greatly respect each other's conversation."

A few evenings after this an amateur performance of "Consin Kate," the play that has had such a vogue at the London Haymarket, was given for the benefit of the local British relief fund. After the proceedings had opened with an overture played by an amateur band, to the delight and surprise of the audience Mark Twain stepped on the platform, introduced by Mr. Gregory Smith. We were told that the great humorist had consented to furnish an extra number and was about to give us a lesson in Italian grammar.

Speaking with the curious drawl that distinguishes him, but which, by the way, is less accentuated in his home and home relations, he began by stating it as his opinion that the Italian grammar was susceptible of vast improvement, and that, in fact, he was about to write a rational grammar and to sell it to the Italian government.

To begin with the verbs, they had for them too many ways of expressing themselves; even the regular verbs were irregular. To take the simple verb "I love," there were fifty-seven ways of conjugating this word, and not one is able to convince a girl who wanted to marry a title. The verb "essere" ("to be"), too, might be improved beyond recognition. That unnatural way of saying "e' stato" ("has been"), which is literally "is been," wouldn't do, anyhow. As for himself, he got on very well. When conversing with a stranger he was always taken for an Italian, but not so when he spoke with friends, for the friends were jealous. Members of his household had studied Italian at the Berlitz school, and he got the language out of them at no expense whatever. Woe to them if they should try to mislead him. One can't be betrayed by one's own family.

He always aired his Italian whenever a chance occurred. Thus he had met an Italian a few days before in the big square where the Vecchio tower is and the statue. It was raining hard, and he had his umbrella up, but the Italian, who was wearing one of those unimaginable, inflated overcoats, had no umbrella. However, in the polite Italian way he listened to the remarks Mark Twain addressed to him in order to air his Italian, and also in the polite Italian way tried to agree with him.

The conversation began by Mark saying to the stranger, "Io apro il libro," which he had been taught to believe meant "None but the brave deserve the fair." He then went on to remark, "Noi chiodiamo le nostre finestre" ("We close our windows"), which of course means, "He tempests the wind to the storm lamb." The Italian listened with quiet courtesy as these phrases were poured over him, but at the next remark, "Quale differenza vi e' fra questi due libri?" ("What difference is there between these two books?"), which, according to Mark, meant, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," the stranger began to look puzzled. However, he was cornered between two carts and could not break away, so the rain continued to pour down and the expressions to pour out. Mark then thought him to show some interest in the stranger's family, and so asked him how his mother was, or in Italian, "Questo libro e' rosso" ("This book is red"). The bewildered expression on the stranger's face, his look of admiration, plainly showed that he took Mark for an Italian. Then suddenly he asked him what was the matter with him, "Che ha lei?" ("What has she?") literally. Now, coming from a dumpy, sloppy, disagreeable stranger, he did not like this. He objected to having his sex reversed. Well, he was a peaceable man, largely pacific—as largely as

the ocean—and he restrained himself till he could stand it no longer, when the stranger continued, "Che ha ella?" ("What has she?") literally a more formal mode of address.

It was bad enough to be called "She" by a sloppy, sullen, saturated stranger, but "Ella" was beyond all bearing. Ella! What a name! "He might," said Mark, "have called me Nancy at once." Ella! Why not Daisy or some pretty name? But Ella! It was beyond bearing. He was prepared to come to blows, to heaven knows what, but somehow or other he found himself under one of the carts. Nevertheless he went on formulating his just objections until, looking up, he found the stranger had gone. But he was resolved he should not be let off thus easily. He would find him again and call him to account. But when he got home and recounted the matter his ideas of summary vengeance were somewhat damped. He has been persuaded to believe that the stranger meant no offense. It was the grammar that was at fault, which removes a poor stranger to the third person and then corrupts his sex. All the more need for his grammar. When that came out there would be a real reform.

With this Mark Twain bade his hearers "good night," excusing himself for not remaining for the play, but explaining that he had illness at home and was anxious to get back. It had indeed been good of him to come, for that very afternoon his dearly loved wife seemed to be at death's door.

#### WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Not only have many Japanese women adopted the European costumes, but some even wear trousers.

The mothers of Japan recite daily to their children the names and deeds of the great in their country's chivalry.

The Japanese wife shares the councils of her husband and influences his career to a greater extent than do the wives of the western land.

There are women lawyers in Tokyo, and although their entrance into the medical profession is frowned upon, that prejudice will give way in time.

#### ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Of American animals the moose, elk and caribou are natural trotters.

The chiton, a sort of shellfish, holds the record of possessing 11,000 eyes.

Animals that burrow and live underground lose the power of sight or have eyes that are merely rudimentary.

It is believed that the ostrich can see objects behind as well as in front of it. Any one standing directly behind an ostrich can see the pupils of its eyes.

#### BEGGARS IN LUXURY.

Mother Trained Her Children to Simulate Poverty and Get Rich.

By teaching her children to simulate poverty and beg assiduously, Emma Boehm of Chicago amassed a fortune and lived in luxury. The mother and seven children were recently arrested, says a Chicago dispatch. Florence, the eldest, aged eighteen, has been studying music in a downtown conservatory. Two years ago she was graduated from the class in beggary.

In the house were found a piano, phonola, phonograph, rich rugs, expensive furniture and draperies. The records showed the woman had valuable real estate in her name. In the basement were two bales of clothing ready to be sold.

Mrs. Boehm trained the children systematically in the art of obtaining alms. They had been operating for seven years in the Austin, Oak Park, Evanston and other suburbs where families of wealth live. Officers of the juvenile court made these declarations in the juvenile court.

Joseph, thirteen; Grace, twelve, and George, seven years of age, were sent to the state reformatory. Three younger children were given back to the mother, and she was placed in control of a probation officer.

#### Novelty in Umbrellas.

Transparent umbrellas are a recent novelty in London. The substance of which they are made has the color of ivory, and its composition is a secret of the inventor. Collisions are thus rendered unlikely.

#### Bowls Made of Hair.

The hair of rabbits and other animals in Russia is converted into bowls, dishes and plates, which are valued for their strength, durability and lightness. The finished articles have very much the appearance of varnished leather.

#### Lightning Rods on Warships.

Ships of war are usually fitted with lightning conductors. This precaution is rendered necessary by the explosives stored away in their magazines.

#### A Natural Toboggan Slide.

From base to summit of a mountain of dark red sandstone 800 feet high in Weber canyon, Utah, there is a smooth white stone floor, with all the appearance of a slide, reaching from the top of the mountain to the bed of the Weber river.

#### Rice Wine.

Next to grape wine, it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man, its use in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

## The certain cure of skin diseases

promptly and pleasantly accomplished. No grease or bandages are used. There is no trouble or discomfort. The stinging and itching is stopped immediately. The smooth, natural healthy state of skin is restored quickly. Every trace of germs eradicated. Every case cured has been permanent. Every case of real skin disease has been cured. This is very unusual and should be investigated.

Call and look into the record of astonishing results now being obtained by skin specialists through the use of this new medicament known as D. D. D.

There is a special offer extended—which says "money back" (\$1) to anyone not pleased with results on trying a bottle of it.

## RED CROSS PHARMACY,

Rickett & Wells, Proprietors,

160 North Main Street,

Barre, Vermont.